THE CHIMES

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE ISSUE, 1928

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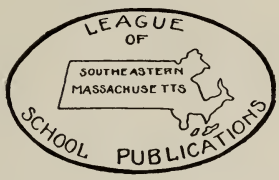

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The editorial board of The Chimes wish to extend to the other members of the school their heartiest thanks for the cooperation received by them during the campaign for the material to be published in The Chimes.

Please do not neglect to keep up your good work when it is time for the next issue.

To those who patronize our advertising department, we also extend our heartiest thanks for their cooperation, which enables us to continue the publication of our school paper.

John Stewart, '29.

PROGRESS

Barbara Colman, '29

In the mad race of life today we moderns rarely stop to check up on where we are going and what's going to happen when we get there. Are we making progress with all this forging on and slipping and running away again? Are we? Theoretically, I suppose, there is no progress except as in relation to other things. Doesn't that apply to us, to life, to the world? Progress is getting ahead of the other fellow, outdistancing him, outdistancing ourselves. We want to be in front of the other fellow on the ladder, step on his fingers as he grasps the rungs in his precarious situation, crush his fingers as others are crushing ours. We've got to get on. We want this — that. The other fellow's got it and why shouldn't we have it?

But that kind of progress doesn't count so much. It's fruitless. We run down, slow up, vitality snaps, tired brains fail and we die. But — outdistancing ourselves — outdistancing our own progress, stepping on the fingers of all our old selves that mark the trail we have made on our way up, — that's what counts. Improvement, progress, and the way ahead. It's like chipping off bit after bit of rock and working ahead in a dark mine shaft, like pushing on in the fog with only a dark, indistinct, and contrary or meandering path on which to tread, — a path that sways and moves. We have to hold it down with our own steps, turn it the straight way, the way that leads on, — and the other fellow's feet can't do it for us! But there's a beacon through all the chaos. And it shines, oh, how clearly and steadily it shines if only we can see it. It is hope and love, comradeship and fraternity.

Progress isn't easy. It means self-denial and bitterness that we must quell when we can't see why we must do this — the everlasting *why* of things; it's so hard to blindly trust— and it

means stopping to help a friend that's down and caught in the quagmires. In fellowship we forget ourselves, become unselfish and lend a hand. Perhaps you think our own progress then is stationary when we hurt ourselves to raise the other man if the desire comes purely from our hearts, but no, it advances us far, far ahead in the Master's path.

Progress — I seem as I look back, to have wandered here and there and but lightly hit my subject. But then, how far one can wander in the infiniteness of it all, too great for our pigmy, human minds to understand — Progress!

WHY I SHOULD VALUE MY EDUCATION

Audrey Bartington, '29

To the first grader school seems a wonderful place. It is almost like going to a party for the first two weeks. But as he gradually grows up and is in the seventh or eighth grade he begins to get a little tired of it. There are hard home lessons now, and weighty subjects to dig into. "Gee, I'd rather go out and play baseball than study this stuff." I have often heard some young people say this.

Sometimes I almost give up when a hard French test or any other kind of test is going to be given to me. But for a word from Mother or Dad I believe I should despise that institution known as school. When I really come to see how needful my education is to me, I try to start all over again and work twice as hard.

I heard a speaker the other evening talk about the eagerness of the young people in the Tennessee mountains to learn. Even though they are nineteen and twenty and only in the first grade, their whole aim is to gain knowledge. When I hear this said about those young folks who have not half so many opportunities as I, it makes me feel ashamed of myself.

I must have education to fit me for life's problems. In high school especially, we are left to look out for ourselves. Teachers do not chase us around to complete certain assignments as was the custom in grammar school. Rather, we have that new responsibility of looking after ourselves, seeing that our work is in on time, and of the best that we can make it. This responsibility is one of the first steps in training us for work after we have graduated from school. If we are careful and do the best we can now, we are more likely to succeed later on.

I should make use of my opportunities right now; for as Abraham Lincoln said, "I shall study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."

CALAMITY JANE

Sara Baker, '28

"Calamity Jane"! The very name suggests her. There is a "Calamity Jane" in every group or community, every large or small city, every town or hamlet in the United States, and wherever the human race exists, for that matter.

There is a name applied to her, or him, (probably the male of the species would be called "Calamity John") by the "non-slang" speaking people (such as English teachers) which means the same thing, but which does away with that bug-aboo of the English language — slang. Here are examples of the type:

In school, if anyone has a new dress, and is showing it off before admiring classmates, this person will come along with a gloomy, forbidding look on her face, and immediately find something the matter with it. It is either too long or too short, it hangs unevenly, the neck is too high or too low, it is unsuitable for school or for the time of year. If nothing else can be criticized, the color or style can always be very unbecoming.

In the community, if a new club house has been erected, this person will come along when a group of people are admiring the new structure and the surrounding grounds, and will find fault with the position of the building, the color of the paint, the way in which the trees and shrubs have been set out, or the unsuitability of such a building in the community.

It is the same everywhere, no matter what the conditions are. There is always someone to put the "kibosh" on every finished product of any sort. Notice that phrase "finished product." Do you think that this morose person would deign to offer a single helpful suggestion of any kind while plans are being made? Not much! He is sure to wait until everything is completed, all details have been carefully carried out, and there is no chance to go back and do it over again. That is his chance! Then is the time when he will step forward with his so-called "helpful" suggestions!

Have you a "Calamity Jane" or "John" in your home or community? Or worse still, are you one yourself? Think it over; — if you are, make plans for future improvement, and turn yourself into a "Sunny Jane" or "Jim"!

ADIEU

Herbert Dwyer, '30

The fur-lined leather jacket put on, the goggles adjusted, the looking-over of the motor, propellor and wing struts, the getting safely seated in the small cockpit, the starting of the powerful motor, the fixing of the joy-stick securely between

the knees, the momentary sensation of emptiness as the plane rises, the adjusting of the tail rudder as the plane reaches the desired altitude, the adjusting of the right speed, the seeing of the heavy cloud bank after about fifty miles of flying, the sudden plunging of the ship into that cloud, the rocking around of the plane by the storm, the soggy rain, the vivid bars of lightning, the awe-inspiring bolts of thunder, the clogged feed-line, the deadening motor, the volplaning downward to the hidden earth, the final terrific flash of lightning seeming to display the whole hideous truth of the uselessness of the airplane, the tail spin, the sickening crash, — and the death of a brave and intrepid aviator.

ALL ARE ARCHITECTS OF FATE

Velma Damon, '28

"For the structures that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

As I read over the above lines, I wonder if people would build their "todays and yesterdays" the way they do if they would stop and realize that they are building the whole foundation of their lives.

The bad habits we form today strengthen with tomorrow, and thus we go — from day to day, year to year, perhaps held back from our highest aim by that one bad habit. What a different world this would be were we to realize that good habits are just as easy to form as bad ones — and they are much more useful!

When we enter high school, it is to train for our life's work. Everything we do at this time is going to follow us through our life. Bad habits formed at this time will not build a strong and sure foundation on which to build our life's work; will they?

Another thing — people of the world often base their opinion on first impressions. Someone who might be a great help to us during our battle with life may get the impression when first meeting us, that we are untidy, careless, and illiterate. No matter what we may do to dispel this idea, he will never forget that first impression.

If all high school pupils adopted the last verse of Longfellow's poem as their motto, there would be many more contented people in the world.

"Build today then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place."

EVERY DAY

Ruth Dwyer, '29

Everyday . . .

As we sit in school doing our sometimes tiresome lessons, do we often realize that each day is one more checked off on our calendar of life? Or as we sit waiting anxiously for three o'clock to come, do we realize that that day is a thing of the past, that we shall never again live through it, and that we have one less day to live? I wonder!

No, I think we look at the passing of a day as another day of trouble and trial gone by. Instead of this attitude, we should try to use every minute of that time accomplishing something which will be of a lasting value to us. We should not waste a moment, for tomorrow may never come. None of us know how long we shall be given the opportunity to enjoy these "days"; so why waste them?

Think how tediously men like Edison have worked each day in order to accomplish the almost impossible.

Some of us wait for the day to end and leave all our tiresome tasks for tomorrow or "another day". Remember the proverb, "Don't wait until tomorrow to do the things you could do today," for "He who hesitates is lost."

SUCCESS

Phylis Hyland, '29

Success is one of the promised goals of mankind. Everyone in the world can not be successful. There must be people who fail as well as people who can climb the ladder of success with much ease.

Success can only be obtained by hard work on the part of the individual. The persons who fail think their failures are due to some ill-luck, which seems to surround them. They think the successful people of the world have a mascot of "Good Luck" guiding them through the ins and outs on the road to success. This thought misleads these people, and is like a barrier, which keeps them from being successful. This class of people cannot be made to realize that success can only be attained by hard work, which is success' "right-hand man".

A few people, however hard they may try, will not be successful. But this is not because of the lack of effort on their part. It is their course. There are others who weaken as hard work confronts them. These may be classed as "flat failures". Satisfied with themselves, they are willing to remain so.

Lindbergh is the success of the present day, and a figure of perfect manhood. How did he attain his success? Not by words without action, but with unknown courage and the hardest of work, physically and mentally.

You have often heard it said that success is the cause of self-possessed vanity. This is not true because in order to gain success, one must work hard. Hard work takes one down from his "perch", and shows him his weak points. There is no better remedy for vanity than hard work, the pilot of success.

DRIFTWOOD

Dorothy MacDonald, '31

There is a storm on the sea. The waves are mammoth as they come rolling along, stand up, and then burst in all their fury. Far away in the distance one can see brown specks. They are bobbing up and down, first going to the right, then to the left. As they come closer to shore, one can see they are pieces of wood. When the waves burst upon the shore, they are washed up only to be sucked down by the sea again and again. Although they seem helpless, they are like people who have no goal. Some people are like them in many respects. Many human beings live by others' wits. They do things because others do. They are influenced by people who they think should influence them. They just drift, going the way people push them. In other words, they are just driftwood.

EDITORIAL BOARD

AUDACITY AND THE LEMON-YELLOW LIMOUSINE

Nellie Mitchell, '29

"Pat" was born in the slums. Her chief occupation all during her childhood was adding another "brat" to the streets for the motorists to "bawl out." She was invariably dirty and ragged, but however dirty and however ragged, there was, unlike the other children of her acquaintance, a strain, and a very deep strain too, of decency in her makeup. Pat, used to the darkness and filth of these dirty streets, came to regard yellow as "absotively posolutely" the most beautiful color in the world; for yellow signified sunshine and in poor Pat's life there had been little of either.

Now, Pat finally grew up, as all children do, and became decidedly clever. Above all, Pat was noted for her audacity. Her chief aim in life was to get what she wanted, and she hadn't yet met with anyone or anything that could stop her.

One day as she was walking down the alley not far from her home, she saw approaching a lemon-yellow limousine. Her dream of beauty was realized; this was the long-sought-for "lemon-yellow limousine"! For a minute she was awe-stricken. Then in place of awe, audacity reigned. She thrust her fingers within her mouth in that manner peculiar to many young street gamins, and blew. The limousine stopped short so quickly that Pat had hardly time to catch her breath. The chauffeur leaned out and looked around for a "cop". Then he spied Pat coming toward the machine. He opened his mouth to speak, but Pat's one glance made him close it abruptly. The lady in the back of this dream car saw the girl and motioned for her to get in. She asked Pat where the policeman was. Pat replied with Washington-like honesty, "Oh, that was only me!"

"You?" replied the lady stupefied.

"Sure, me," Pat returned with a broad grin.

"But what did you do it for?" the lady questioned.

"Well, you see," replied Pat, "it's this way. I wanted all my life to ride in a lemon-yellow limousine, and so I thought that if I stopped you, I could ask for a ride."

The lady, shocked by the sheer audacity of this amazing girl, could say nothing. Finally, having recovered her breath, she, prompted by some unknown power, invited Pat to take a ride.

As they rode, they talked; and as they talked, the lady gradually discovered more and more about Pat, Pat's ambitions, desires, and traits. Before long the lady found herself asking Pat to come and live with her. Now don't for a minute think that the lady was prompted by unwonted kindness. Her chief reason for thus inviting Pat to take up her abode with her was that her own daughter was a trifle "wild", and Pat, although not refined, in the popular expression "knew her onions"!

Pat went to live with this lady in a beautiful house, but unlike other stories, she did not "fall in love" or even get married. She acquired a fine education and trained to be a social worker. After about five years, she returned to the slums where she is now working. Now you can see what audacity combined with the lemon-yellow limousine did for a great many lives.

LASS O'DUNDEE

Judith Partridge, '29

"Seen the new hoss Jock Connors bought yesterday, Joe?" said a stocky, ruddy-faced man, as he leaned against the side of the so-called "General Variety Store."

"Ah suah nebber saw sich a beast in all my life, Jim," replied the old darkie, as he loosed the reins of his own horse from the hitching post.

"If he expects to enter that bag o' bones in the Derby, he's crazy," said another man.

"Paid sixty dollars fo her at de auction," said Joe.

"Sixty! She isn't worth mo'an fifteen," said the man who had first spoken.

In the meanwhile a slim horse roamed and grazed in Jock Connors' pasture. The Lass O'Dundee had a sleek bay coat, slim body and legs, and prominent veins which showed that she was a high-bred horse. Her slimness appeared to be due to short rations rather than overwork. Jock leaned against the fence. "Aye," he said to himself, "she's sure a beauty, and if the lass doesn't become a fast traveller, I dinna ken." The Lass O'Dundee raised her head and showed a white star on her forehead. She trotted over to Jock and timidly sniffed at him. "You want a carrot, auld lassie?" he said, and reaching into the depths of his pocket, drew out a young carrot.

A month had passed. Lass O'Dundee's ribs scarcely showed and she was in just the right condition for racing. Although a month only remained before the Derby, Jock was far from discouraged. Ben Harvers began to train Lass for the great race. Every day both Jock and Ben watched Lassie's development in speed and endurance.

The track was dry and dusty the day before the race. That morning Lass had not done as well as usual and even Jock was doubtful. "Do your best anyway, Ben," he said.

Derby Day: the air was heavy and the sky filled with threatening clouds. Lass was not popular in the betting field and everyone spoke of Jock Connors' "bag o' bones."

Fifteen minutes before the race! Every horse was straining at the reins eager to be off. Rain! Oh, how it rained. The track soon became a slippery slough. Ben was discouraged and expected Lass to fall in the slippery footing. The shot was fired; they were off; and Lass held the fifth space. The first six were abreast now. Two had the lead, Three gained, Seven was crowding against the inner rail. "Five gaining," cried one.

"Jock Connors' 'bag o' bones' is in the lead," shrieked one of the men who had made fun of Lass.

It was over. Number Five was first, Seven second. All were congratulating Jock.

"Why, Jock, you nevah told us the Lass was a 'Mudder'."

Jock smiled. "I didn't know it myself," he said.

Thus Lass O'Dundee proved her worth on the muddy track.

A BLIZZARD AT THE BEACH

Catherine Healy, '30

The sun, that dark morning in January, rose cheerless over mountains of huge grey clouds. The wind blew with ever-increasing momentum until it fairly whistled about the tree-tops. It whipped up roaring, giant waves that rolled up the beach and dashed over the wall, sending foaming spray feet into the air.

Now a mixture of sleet, snow and hail was whirled down from the foreboding sky and forced against the noble cedars that grew along the cliffs, bending them almost double. The air was filled with this swirling mass, and the bitterness of the cold kept the few inhabitants safely indoors.

This dreadful flurry lasted all the morning, afternoon, and evening. Even that night no lessening of the gale could be noticed. But in spite of the blizzard Minot's Light faithfully flashed on. The house rocked; the wires sagged with their burden of ice and, in many places, snapped, thus cutting off this part of the world from all communication.

At sunrise the wind had decreased, the sleet had stopped, and the sun shone brightly on the transformed world, all shining and glistening in its gleaming array of crystal. The sea-

gulls screamed as they sallied back and forth over the ice-covered rocks and dipped daringly down between the waves. Far out on the rocky ledge stood the ice-covered form of Minot's Light. The cedars stood up more erect under their glistening burden, sparkling in the sun.

The dreaded blizzard was over. The beach was left peaceful and calm in its new-found glory.

THE SEA VOICE

Katherine Somers, '28

It was mid winter and a terrific storm was raging along the coast of Maine. The inhabitants of the small towns which border on the ocean front below Portland were snug and warm before their fires. However, there was one inhabitant who had braved the fury of the elements. This person bore the name of Judd Holbert. Although only in the middle of his fifties, he was already stooped and gray, and he had a very melancholy air about him. Storms had a certain fascination for this man; whenever there was a storm, he betook himself to the cliffs and gazed fixedly at the waves. He seemed to murmur to himself, "I hear the sea-voice calling."

The people of the town pitied this man greatly, because when he was a youth a very cruel thing had happened to him.

It was May, and Judd Holbert and Almira Phillips were making plans for their marriage in June. Together they drew plans for their future home, and they were just the happiest people in the world.

But only two weeks before the coming marriage, Almira's sister, who lived in Boston, became ill and died. It was necessary for the girl to go to Boston; so she bade a tearful farewell to Judd and started on her journey.

Judd waited three long days before he got a letter from Almira. It was only a brief letter stating that she must attend to some very important business and wouldn't be able to return until the second of June. Somehow Judd had sensed that the letter would contain bad news. However, after he had read it, he comforted himself with the thought that it might have been a great deal worse.

Slowly the days passed, but on June first a frightful storm lashed the coast. Although it was an unseasonable storm, it was furious in its intensity. Judd feared for Almira's safety, for she would be starting from Boston this very day.

Apprehension is a horrible enemy, and it had laid its cold, clammy fingers on Judd. He wandered aimlessly about the house, sometimes gazing out of the window, sometimes trying to read. When night came, he was unable to sleep. He tossed on his bed and at length got up and sat by his open window listening to the roar of the storm. He looked at his watch. The boat bearing Almira would soon be passing on

its way to Portland. An idea seized his brain and he immediately acted upon it. He pulled on his clothes quickly and donned a heavy oil-skin coat and hat. Quietly he let himself out of the house and hurried to the cliffs.

He swept the storm horizon with his eyes, but nowhere could he see the lights of a boat. He waited with the fury of the storm beating against him. An hour passed; and suddenly he saw a light far out on the storm-tossed ocean. His heart beat wildly. Was it — could it be Almira's boat? Suddenly his heart gave a bound and almost ceased to beat. He saw signal lights shooting up from the boat. The signals were answered by signal lights from the Life Saving Station, which was not far from Judd.

Quickly and almost recklessly Judd ran along the cliffs to the light house. Reaching it, he ran stumbling up the stairs to the lookout tower.

"Hi, Scale! What's the boat out there?" he called.

"The 'Carinna' bound from Boston to Portland, Judd!" was the reply.

Judd groaned.

"What's the matter?" asked Scale.

"Almira's on that boat!"

"Judd!"

Scale's face was set. He watched the boat with desperate eyes. Nothing could be done. The ship was too far out.

Judd collected all his force and gazed once more at the doomed boat. "How far do you think she is from the shoals?"

"Not far," was the grim reply.

The minutes passed. The signal lights on the boat became fainter and fainter. Finally they disappeared altogether. She had struck the shoals. Judd seemed to hear a voice call to him from the roaring ocean.

Morning dawned on a sea almost calm. The shore was littered with wreckage. Some bodies were found, but not Almira's. Hers had joined the retinue of Old Ocean's Court.

Thus it was that whenever a storm visited the coast, Judd Holbert went to the cliffs to hear once again the sea voice calling him.

NIGHT

Ethyl Tierney, '29

The sun slowly sinks,
  The sky becomes gray,
Gradually comes darkness,
  And night is on its way.

The moon shows on high,
  The stars shine bright,
Lamps are now lighted,
  — It is night. —

THE IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMICS

Harriet Pepper, '28

Economics —

Wait just a moment. How many know what economics means?

Economics is the way in which man makes a living. But, does everyone know how a person starts out to make his living?

The first evidence we have that man had to make a living was when the cave-man started out in search of food. He and his companion searched for a while and at last chanced to kill a fawn. They divided it equally. One ate what he wanted and then threw the rest away, but the other saved what he had not eaten. This is the first principle in the science of making a living.

The next thing man did was to go to other countries in search of things that he wished for. He soon found that in some places the things that he wished for very much could be obtained in great abundance, and things which were not of value to him were valuable to others. He exchanged his goods with other people and thus gained what he desired. Exchange or trade is the second great step in making a living.

Now when man began to produce for himself, civilization had really started in earnest. But if man produced just enough for himself, he could not make a satisfactory living. As soon as he started to produce more than he could use, he had taken the third step in making his living.

Thus, by saving what he had not consumed for future use, exchanging what he had with others, and producing more that he could consume, mankind has now reached its modern stage of civilization.

Many schools are now introducing the study of economics. It is very important that the student who is about to pass through the "open door" should at least know how men of the past have made a living, and climb to a higher standard than they attained.

THE FOREST LAKE

Judith Partridge, '29

Far in the depths of the forest,
Beneath the rustling leaves,
A limpid lake lies glistening
Amid the monarch trees.
And like a sparkling sapphire,
In sylvan beauty lies,
A scene of rest and beauty
Beneath the azure skies.
At night the playful moonbeams
Caress it with their smiles,
And draw across it silver threads
Which reach from isle to isle.

THE WARNING

Florence Fitts, '28

The two young men plodded steadily on their way up the somewhat steep and rocky cliff. Conversation lagged between them as their whole attention was centered on keeping themselves from taking a nose-dive to the foot of the cliff.

The smaller of the boys, a lad with a round, ruddy face, looked very much perturbed, and after climbing upward for a short distance, exclaimed, "Hey, Bob, is this the latest outdoor sport that you can think of? I thought our last trip 'took the cake', but this is the worst yet. Come to think of it, I wouldn't thank any of my noble ancestors if they left me an old tumbled-down inn twenty-five miles from civilization if I had to walk to it and stay there one night before I could take possession. That's the craziest idea I ever heard of. I suppose 'auntie' thought you wouldn't bother to ever go near it if she didn't say something like that. Nobody would know this place existed if it wasn't for that beach up here. Boy, the first thing I do when I get there will be to take a shower. Then I'll have dinner and spend a nice quiet evening on the lake. You know the letter said there was a lake."

While this one-sided conversation was going on, the boys had kept on their way, and presently they came to a clearing at the top of the cliff. In the middle of the clearing was a dilapidated wooden structure of colonial style. With the setting sun and the shadows of the trees the place had a dismal appearance.

Larry, Bob's companion and new proprietor of the place, looked it over briefly and then said, "You'd never mistake this for the Ritz-Carlton, would you? Let's go in and see what the inside looks like."

The door was opened for them by an elderly gentleman who evidently was expecting them. The inside proved to be no more cheerful than the outside — neither did the "help." The boys' room was on the second floor in the back of the house. It is needless to say that the first thing Bob did was not to take a shower. The nearest thing to a shower bath in the place was a pitcher of cold water on the dressing table.

The boys went down to the dining room and dined in silence. A silence that was extremely nerve-racking seemed to envelop the whole place. As Bob put it, "The silence was deafening." He surely got his wish for a quiet evening even though he didn't spend it on the lake. The boys decided to turn in about eight o'clock although sleep seemed almost impossible. The night seemed ideal for spooks. Bob, who was superstitious anyway, kept quiet as long as he could. Suddenly he sat up and grabbing Larry by the arm, whispered, "Larry, I think we ought to get out of this place as soon as

we can. I can feel it in my bones that something is going to happen."

Nothing bothered Larry for very long, and he was almost ready to fall asleep. "Oh, never mind, Bob. It's almost morning, and we'll be on our way before long."

It was well into the "wee" hours when Bob finally went to sleep. He was surely making up for lost time. In fact he sounded like a saw mill in action. As the sun was just creeping over the hills, both boys woke up with a start. Theirs was a rude awakening. Through the open window came the strains of "The Campbells are Coming." This gave the impression of a screech owl rendering a solo.

Superstitious Bob immediately solved the mystery. "There," he declared, "I told you something was going to happen. That's the warning. I've heard of things like this happening before, and the victims disappeared from sight like magic. Here's where I pack up my dry goods and get."

Larry was thoroughly aroused by this time and was already packing his belongings. He suggested that they go down the back stairs. They got this far but no farther. Here they met the old gentleman who had ushered them in the day before. He had the boys' breakfasts on a tray. Bob read the question in the old man's eye and immediately began to explain.

As the man listened, light dawned upon him. Suddenly a fit of laughter seized him, shaking his whole being so that he capsized the tray and its contents down the front of himself. When he recovered sufficiently, he began to explain. "Why, that was Maggie, our cook, out in the back kitchen. She can't tell time. One verse is a soft boiled egg, and two a hard boiled one."

CHIMNEYS

Barbara Colman, '29

Stacks and stacks of chimneys rise,
Silent sentinels to the skies,
Row on row, like soldiers there,
Stubby, short, and gaunt and bare.
Some are new, and some are old;
Some are gray with ancient mold,
Clustered o'er the battered slates,
Gaunt and bare, like boding fates,
Rising o'er the gleaming tiles
In sunset glow, for miles and miles,
From haughty buildings on the squares
And those that line wide thoroughfares;
And from them floats the wisps of smoke
Bespeaking presence of human folks.

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FINE FEATHERS

Carolyn Poland, '29

Emily was walking home from school in a very unhappy and discontented state of mind. Indeed, this was not the first time; for many, many, nights before that, she had done the same thing. But tonight she was even more unhappy than ever, for Grace Whitman had come to school with a magnificent new fur coat, and also both Mary Stone and Laura Bates wore new silk dresses. Hot tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of them gaily parading the school building and showing off their new clothes.

"Why can't I be like them?" she thought bitterly. "Why can't I have fine clothes like my other school mates, instead of this old blue jersey with the moth holes that I've worn every day this winter?"

She remembered the scornful glance that Mary Stone gave her and her blue jersey as she went past her. More hot tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why is it that some can have all the money and clothes and others not? It's unfair! Why isn't my father a millionaire? Oh, how I hate my dirty home beside that of Mary Stone! And how I hate this blue jersey!"

All of a sudden a plan dawned upon her. She knew that there was a party at school several nights ahead, and that probably Grace Whitman would be there with her new fur coat. When the party was not quite over, she would make an excuse that she had to be home early and slip into the dressing room, quietly take Grace's fur coat, and escape with it. The idea thrilled her, as she thought of how furious Grace would be, and of the clothes that she could buy from the money she would receive from selling it. She even began to quicken her step, and her heart grew lighter as these thoughts came to her.

At last the waited-for night arrived. Just as she had thought, Grace Whitman came and wore her fur coat. Before the party was over, Emily quietly left the room when no one noticed her and slipped into the dressing room. On one of the hangers was Grace's fur coat. As she looked at the beautiful, sleek fur, she hesitated a little. "What right have I to take what belongs to someone else?" she thought. But the minute this thought came to her, she immediately brushed it away from her. "Besides," she thought, "what's a hundred dollars or so to a millionaire like Mr. Whitman?" She grabbed it from the hook and quietly slipped out the back door. But when she was safely on her way home, something seemed wrong. The coat on her arm suddenly became a burden to her. Her step began to drag, and her heart felt heavy. A tiny voice inside of her kept saying over and over again, "You did wrong to steal that coat; you did wrong to steal that

coat". She tried to drive it away from her, but still it persisted. At last, with a great struggle, she managed to push it from her, but not wholly, for deep, deep in her heart it was still there. She even managed to whistle a little tune, but it was forced.

When she was in her room, she flung the coat over the arm of a chair, hurriedly undressed, and jumped into bed. But as soon as the light was out and all was dark about her and she could near no other sound save that of the beating of her heart, that little voice came back to her with even more force than before. The whole air seemed to be full of voices that all said, "You shouldn't have stolen that coat; you shouldn't have stolen that coat!" At last she could stand it no longer. She jumped out of bed, kneeled by her little window, and looked down upon the peaceful roofs of the town in the moonlight. High upon a hill she could see Grace Whitman's huge house. "Yes, it is true," she almost thought aloud. "How foolish it was of me to do it. All the fur coats in the world aren't worth the price of dishonesty. I would rather go naked than steal again. Besides, what are clothes anyway? Nothing! After all, they don't amount to anything in the long run. It's what you are that counts, not your clothes. Why, I would rather be the poorest girl in the world, and be kind hearted, than be rich and be like Grace Whitman! I will take Grace's coat back to her tomorrow night."

The next day at school there was much talk about Grace's stolen coat, but Emily took no part in it. Every time it was mentioned, it was just like a sharp dagger piercing her soul. That night, a much damaged Emily with a large bundle under her arm walked up the hill to the Whitman mansion. She walked boldly up to the front door and rang the bell. A maid came to the door, and after finding out whom she wanted, disappeared. Soon after, Grace came to the door.

"Oh, hello," she said carelessly, and none too graciously. "What do you want?"

"Grace," said Emily, "I have brought back your fur coat. It was I who stole it. But I want to tell you that I am very, very sorry."

"Oh, so it was you; was it?" said Grace with all the scorn she could muster, for she could not help but admire one who could steal a thing and then so boldly return it. "I might have known it all along. If you're so anxious to return it, hurry up and give it to me." At that she snatched the bundle from her hands and slammed the door in her face.

"I am thankful I'm not Grace Whitman," thought Emily with a smile, as she was on her way home. "I'm glad I'm just me."

Science Teacher—"Name some liquid that won't freeze."
J. Harris—"Hot water."

ON THE TIDE OF THE FLOOD

Ruth Damon, '31

A pitiful wail of a child rose out over the wild tumult of the flooded area.

"Oh! muvver, daddy, where are you?" The little, pathetic voice cried. "You told me to wait, and I's waited and waited and now I'm so frightened."

A small boy of about four looked out across the flooded land. As far as one's eye could see, the land was just a wild confusion of particles of houses and furniture. The boy was in the window of a large house in the top story. The water was now rising fast and it would soon reach the second story — one story beneath the boy.

The mind of the small urchin was working fast. If Daddy didn't come before long, — he would wait till the waters were almost engulfing him and then kneel down and say his prayers and let that old black water catch him.

But, surely, Daddy would come as he had said! He could not leave his beloved son to drown. Here, he started sobbing again.

Some time had passed, and the water was now winning its way to the window where knelt the small boy.

A few miles down the river, in a relief station, a small woman was crying steadily and repeating, "Oh, save them, please."

Now fighting his way feverishly was — Daddy! He had almost reached the window. His son was now fast losing consciousness. Far, far, in the distance, he could hear the roar of the water. Now that sleepy feeling was overtaking him more quickly. But, hark, what was that? A voice — and surely he knew that voice — Daddy had returned!

"Steady there, son," the voice said. "Grab hold of Daddy's coat — that's right. Now hold tight."

Sonny felt a strong arm around him, and felt himself slowly rising. "Oh, Daddy," he gasped, "where is mother, Daddy?"

A muffled sob was his only answer. He had left mother at the station — perhaps dying.

Here the small frail voice continued, "What makes it so — " That was as far as he got; for a burst of water in the window was what the poor man had been waiting for. He jumped — down, down, down, into the bottomless pit. Now they were rising. Daddy set out bravely, first catching one thing and then another, — trying, trying, to keep Sonny's head out of the water.

A few hours later, a man and small boy, bruised and unconscious, were brought into the relief station.

The doctor and nurses worked feverishly but successfully. If the supplies would only come, they could save them. They

did come, and just in time. The boy and father were saved after a horrible journey which neither would ever forget.

As Sonny opened his eyes, he looked into his mother's. He whispered, "Daddy, Muvver, and Sonny — all together again."

WHAT IS COLLEEG?

Velma Damon, '28

"Now-a-days," remarked a righteous-looking lady, "there's an excuse for everything. Why, my Johnny came down to breakfast this morning with a soiled shirt on. When I called his attention to it, he replied, 'Naw, t'aint dirty. It's colleeg.' Suzie's shoes needed shining too, and when I mentioned the fact to her she said, 'Aw, they're awright. It's colleeg!' I don't know what the younger generation is coming to," she continued in a pained voice. "I corrected Johnny's and Suzie's English, but they said, 'Ya ain't supposed to say "aren't", you're supposed to say "ain't." It's colleeg!' When one can find an excuse for a soiled shirt, and poor English, it's going pretty far. Just what is colleeg?" she asked.

I have often wondered what "colleeg" really did mean. I am sure that a soiled shirt or dress could not go under that term. Looking around and hearing the girls and fellows talk, I have decided that "colleeg" really means something that is rather smart-looking or sporty. Of course, there are some people who always go to the extremes in everything. That is shown by the boy who called his soiled shirt "colleeg", and by the girl whose shoes needed a shine.

You may see a girl dressed in the latest sport clothes — she's "colleeg" in a wholesome, neat way. She may go to extremes in her clothes, but I'll wager her skirt would be pressed and her shoes shined.

You may see a young fellow dressed in floppy trousers, soft hat on the back of his head, striped socks to match his tie and scarf — he's "colleeg!" If you look closely, you will see in the majority of cases, that those flaring, baggy trousers are pressed, his shirt is clean, and his shoes shined.

Listen to them talk — these "colleeg" people! Perhaps they do consider it smart to use the latest slang expressions, but they use them mostly when they are with a group by themselves. But won't you agree that their English is really correct? Do you hear so very many of them saying "ain't" as a regular thing? No, you do not. These smart youngsters realize the value of a good working vocabulary and of good English, and they use their knowledge to good advantage.

There are the extremes of youth that would try to excuse their carelessness in dress and speech by calling it "colleeg". But these are the exceptions — not the rule, and it is the regular thing we should judge by; don't you agree?

JOHNNY DOES NOT CHOOSE TO RUN

Priscilla Cole, '29

Johnny Walker was sitting reading "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in his room. He was prepared for a quiet evening, but this did not last long. The door burst open and a group of fellows entered.

"Hi there," called Lester Moore, a classmate of Johnny. "Put up your book. I want you to meet this young fellow here."

Johnny laid down his book and rose.

"This is a new friend, Johnny," said Lester. "Mr. Armstrong, meet Mr. Walker."

"How do you do, Mr. Armstrong," replied Johnny.

"He's going to be your new boss," grinned Lester.

"What?" asked Johnny.

"Mr. Walker, you are to be the future basket ball captain," informed Lester with an air of dignity.

"No, siree," answered Johnny. "I'm too busy with my studies."

"Never mind, Les," grinned Tony Armstrong. "We'll fix him."

"I've got an idea," spoke up Lester. "Come on."

Lester and Tony left the room, and Johnny went back to his book. His mind was far from his book. Realizing that he could not concentrate on it, he went to bed.

Johnny was rather puzzled the next few days. He knew nothing of what was being done. He was at last informed that it was his duty to beat the Sigma Kappa. Johnny, remembering this, consented although it was against his wishes.

On Tuesday, with the election to be held on Monday of the next week, Lester and Tony met in Johnny's room.

"What's up?" asked Johnny.

"I guess that we're defeated, but they're circulating stories about you that we must stop," said Lester.

"What stories?" asked Johnny in surprise.

"They say that you are high-hat, a poor athlete, and a poor sport."

"Baloney," grinned Tony.

"Probably, but we've got to get busy and deny these things," said Lester.

Lester and Tony left, and Bill Young entered with a small, slender fellow.

"How's the fight?" inquired Bill.

"Not so good, and I don't care," answered Johnny.

"It's up to you to beat the Sigma Kappa, Johnny," said Bill. "You'd better get busy."

"I've got something to tell you," piped up the little fellow. "I just learned that your new boss and the Sigma Kappa candidate, Mullins, are pretty thick at home. Armstrong's running against Mullins now."

The rest of the week was a busy one for everybody. Rumors were around that Charlie Smith of the same fraternity as Johnny was a candidate for election. On Thursday, Johnny went down and left an order for some handbills at a printing office. Friday, the prediction was for Jones.

At last the day of election came. When the students went to vote, they found handbills telling them how to vote, each bill listing Smith as captain.

Smith, 142; Mullins, 120; Walker, 42 was the final result.

"This fellow Walker turned us down," exclaimed Lester as he entered Johnny's room later.

"I carried out my orders," said Johnny grinning.

"You what?" asked Lester.

"My orders were to beat the Sigma Kappa," continued Johnny. "We learned that Armstrong was a chum of Mullins, and so we got Smith to run. This split the vote and got Smithy in."

"And, I suppose you got those handbills printed, hey," demanded Lester.

"Sure," Johnny agreed. "And the Sigma Kappa got licked. Those were my orders," grinned Johnny.

WRINKLES IN MOTOR BOATING

Victor Stenbeck, '29

The eyes of the sailor, watching the old four-masted schooner beating its way across Oyster Bay, were about to pop out of his head. Toward him, on Long Island Sound, there dashed a powerful motor-boat at about sixty miles an hour. In it were two dozen men and women. The sailor saw them wave to him; he started to wave back and they were way past him. The sailor emitted a low, surprised whistle; for he had never seen anything like it in all his life.

The device which made this performance possible is called a "fantail." It was invented by Johannus Plum. Attached to the stern of the boat under the water, and well described by its name, it operated to achieve the aim of marine engineers, the speed of a sea-sled and the carrying capacity of a large load.

The designer, Mr. Plum, said that he started to work on his invention while fixing a speed boat. He found that if he could apply the idea of a hydroplane to a speed boat, he could obtain the desired results. This he did, and the result was the "fantail."

Mr. Plum said that he believed the device would be of use in naval boats. A boat the size of the Fantail (the name of the boat on which the device was tested) could be carried on the davits of a submarine chaser or a destroyer. This could be lowered overboard and sent against the larger vessels with torpedoes and other explosives. The speed of these boats would make them extremely hard to hit, and they

could return to their "mother ship" after doing their duty.

The immediate use of the "fantail" would be in the transportation of business men to their work from their summer homes on Long Island and elsewhere.

We have copied the flight of the bird of the air and the course of the fish under the sea; but what creature skims over the top of the water with practically no displacement?

STORMS

Florence Fitts, '28

Lightning flashes,
Thunders roar.
The cloud passes
The storm is o'er.

An ugly frown,
A silent tear.
A glance around
And smiles appear.

DAWN

Carolyn Poland, '29

Slowly the dawn came up from the east
And awoke the world from its night of peace.
The first early rays of coming light
Slew the grey shadows left by the night,
Who, knowing his enemy Day was arriving,
Fled in due haste from his rays so beguiling.
The sky in the east once dark and cold
Became tinted with light, orange and gold.
Slowly but surely up popped the sun,
Flooded the earth, and a new day had begun.

THE SEA

Anna Healy, '28

I love the salty smell of the damp sea air
As it blows in from the misty sea.
I love to listen to the screaming gulls
As they float in the sky over me.

I love to watch the fishermen
As they go chugging out of the bay,
And listen to their engines
As they grow fainter and die away.

I often wonder as I stand on the rocks
And listen to the wild waves' roar,
If they sound the same to others
When they pound on a foreign shore.

THE LONE SCOUT OF THE SKY

George Lowell, '31

The name of Charles A. Lindbergh will go down in history as one of the bravest and most daring of the noted heroes of the country. This young man, hardly out of his teens, sets an example for the American boy of today. He was the first one to span the Atlantic between New York and Paris. Men who were skilled in the ways of aviation had tried and had failed. The mystery of the Atlantic had swallowed them up never to be heard from again. But this dauntless young man in a Ryan Monoplane of 223 horse-power engine, braved the dangers of the treacherous Atlantic and arrived in Paris after a thirty-six hour flight.

Charles A. Lindbergh was born in Detroit, Michigan, February 4, 1902. At the age of eighteen he went to college where he took up his favorite subject, Mechanical Engineering. Lindbergh wanted to fly and college was not carrying him the way he wanted.

Going to his mother, who was always sympathetic, he told her his plans. Very shortly catalogs of air training courses came from all over the country. He next entered the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation at Lincoln, Nebraska. Here he was instructed in his first knowledge of aircraft.

Lindbergh next entered the army and became an observation pilot of a Jenny Plane. While in the army service, he was forced to make parachute jumps seven times.

At the age of twenty-one Lindbergh entered the Air Mail Service and became pilot between his native city and Chicago. It was while on this service that Lindbergh heard of the Trans-Atlantic race which a man by the name of Orteig was financing. With the aid of others he became interested in this event and gave up his job as air-mail pilot.

Drawing the only money he had in the world, Lindbergh purchased a Monoplane and entered the race determined to win. One morning in the eventful summer of 1927 Charles A. Lindbergh, in his tiny monoplane, roared down the take-off and rose in a graceful arc, gained altitude, and headed for the open Atlantic. For thirty-six hours this nation waited in suspense and dread.

Then a ship picked up a message which said that Lindbergh had crossed the English Channel and was expected in Paris every minute. What joy swept over this country! Factories, schools, stores, and trains ceased their work to praise Lindbergh.

This Lone Scout of the Sky has been honored in many European countries and has received the highest medal of valor that a flyer ever received.

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh accomplished one of the most important additions to science ever made. For his reward he chooses to continue his services in the Air Mail.

SPRING

Margaret Short, '29

Soft white clouds are in the sky,
Soft white milkweed floating by;
All these signs are sure to say,
Spring is really on the way.

Yellow crocusses are peeping,
From the ground where they were sleeping,
All the birds are chirping cheerily,
And the children singing merrily.

ODE TO THE "FLIVVER"

Dorothy Wilder, '28

How queer to our eyes is the sight of some "flivvers"
Jouncing and bouncing all over the road.
They squeal, and they rattle; they give us the quivers
While of "sweet flappers", they carry a load.

The "flivver's" now passing from our habitation;
It's being replaced both by pomp and by style.
The "flappers" to follow in coming generations
Will have other "buggies" to cover the mile.

THE NATIVES OF SCITUATE

Ethyl Tierney, '29

There is fishing, boating, mossing, golfing,
Almost everything for sporting.
The people are always kind and gay
And ready to help you find your way.
The sky is always bright and blue
And happiness waits right here for you.
If you don't believe it, then come and see
This little place right by the sea.
Happy people come to meet you
Smiling faces always greet you.
Come to see us, do not wait —
We are the natives of Scituate.

THE OLD APPLE TREE

Priscilla Cole, '28

Out in the orchard, standing
With its face held towards the sky
Is a wonderful, old apple tree
Its beauty none can deny.

The sun lingers lovingly round it;
'Tis there birds build their nests;
'Tis crowned with beauty in summer,
And in winter a snow-crowned crest.

FRESHMAN INTERPRETATIONS OF "IF I HAD . . ."

IF I HAD ALADDIN'S LAMP

Doris Newcomb, '31

If but Aladdin's Lamp were mine,
I would not stop to figure time,
But all my years, months, hours and days
Would be put to use, puzzling out the maze
Of this world of ours; changing lands and races
Putting all in their respective places.
If I had Aladdin's Lamp.

IF I HAD A MAGIC WAND

Frank Vinal, '31

If I had a magic wand
And any wish were mine,
I'd wish for the largest house in the world,
And of servants ninety-nine.
I'd wish for anything
A person could enjoy,
No matter how large the intricate thing,
No matter how small the toy.

I'd have a thousand comforts
And tell my servants ninety-nine,
That poor and oppressed people who passed my home
Were welcome to stop and dine,
And if they needed anything
I'd give it free of charge.
I'd give this to them willingly,
No matter how small or large.

If I had a magic wand,
These things I'd do; more too.
No matter how small the gift
It comes back tenfold to you.

IF I HAD A MAGIC WAND

Jeanette Nichols, '31

If I but had a magic wand
Tc give me everything I wished,
I'd invite the people of the world
To share my happiness.

Then too, if I but had a wand
I'd fly the whole world o'er
And return to my own land
And stay for ever more.

MY MAGIC RUG

Ruth Damon, '31

If I but had a magic rug,
I would be filled with glee.
I'd make believe it was a ship,
And sail the deep blue sea.

I'd sail right into China town,
With all its cues and rice.
I'd journey o'er to fair Japan,
And make their eyes turn right.

From there I'd go to cold Norway,
And skim the mountains high.
I'd swoop right down to dear old France
Where the Paris styles I'd spy.

I'd cross the sea to London town,
It's famous bridge I'd view.
Old Ireland's lucky shamrock see,
And dear old Erin, too.

But happy journeys all must end,
Wherever we may roam.
And so I'll turn my magic ship,
And sail for Home Sweet Home.

IF I HAD A MAGIC WAND

Anna C. Tufts, '31

Oh, for a wand of magic,
That I might wield with powers
O'er all that is sinful and tragic
In this great world of ours.

I'd wave my wand o'er those
Who in pain linger here
And transform their troubles and woes
To all that is happy and dear.

Over those who were frail and weak
And those who knew no sight,
Above others who could never speak
I'd wave my wand at night.

I'd change the suffering to joy
And want, to wealth and esteem
And all that would annoy
To bliss — full and supreme.

IF I HAD A MAGIC RUG

Ellen Bailey, '31

If I but had a magic rug,
Adventures far I'd find.
I'd go to the land of the mind-night sun,
Where the ice-bound glaciers wind.

I'd visit, too, the "Sunny South"
In the brilliant warmth all day;
And there I'd watch the cotton-pickers
In costumes bright and gay.

Then home I'd go on my magic rug,
And there to their heart's delight
I'd give the little tots a sail
'Til time to say, "Good-night."

ART NOTES

Gertrude Wherity

The Art department has been doing some fine work this year. The combined Art classes have organized an Art Club under the direction of Priscilla Cole, president; Barbara Coleman, secretary; and Gertrude Wherity, treasurer.

One project carried out by the club was the taking of snapshots of different flowers. There were four prizes offered which went to the following people: Virginia Poland, Judith Partridge, Ellen Bailey, and Anna Healy.

An interesting experiment of blue printing Christmas cards was tried by the different Art classes. Each pupil drew an appropriate design which was blue printed and then touched up with different colors. There were some very pretty and attractive cards made.

Two senior girls, Priscilla Cole and Gertrude Wherity, have been painting the windows of the doors in the teachers' room. The design used matches the decorative cretonne hangings.

We have some very attractive object drawings done in colored chalk displayed in the Art room. This work was done by two and three-year students.

We appreciate the gift of $7.50 from the Woman's Club to the Art department.

It is interesting to know that some of the recent alumni of S. H. S. have gone further in developing their study of art.

Kenneth Bates, '22, is working in the Design department of the Cleveland School of Art. He is going abroad to the Prague conference of Henry Bailey this summer.

Phoebe Richardson, '16, is head of the R. H. White Art department in Boston. Miss Richardson spent some time this winter studying abroad.

Ruth Ricketts, '21, who is now Mrs. Beals, is head of the Drafting department in Harvard College.

Wallace Torrey, '26, is working on stained glass windows. At present he is working on a window design for Princeton College.

Malcolm Merritt, '27, is attending Vesper George Art School of Boston.

Paul Quinn, '27, is a student of the freshman class at the Massachusetts Normal Art School.

FRENCH DEPARTMENT

ORIGINAL STORIES

LES SPORTS

Virginia Russell, '29

Il y a beaucoup de sports pendant les mois d'hiver que nous trouvons bons. On s'amuse plus par les jeus qu'on s'amuse dans l'été bien qu'il y a peu beaucoup de sports d'été.

Peut-être le meilleur et le plus connu sport d'hiver est le patinage. La plupart du monde aime à patiner. Il n'y a plus de gaietié qu'avoir un bon grand feu sur la glace ou on peut rôter les "frankforts" et se chauffeut les oreils.

Il y a beaucoup de façons de patinage in France: — le traineau, le patineur à la voile et un traineau à voile et ainsi de suite. Le skiage et le glissade sont bons sports d'hiver aussi. Qui ne désirait pas aller aux Alps pour les mois d'hiver pour le skiage et pour le glissade? Il y n'a rein meilleur qu'un traineau sur un nuit claire de lune.

Bien entendu, les sports en été sont enioyés autant que les sports d'hiver. On a sa prefèrence. En été le sport est natation. C'est un chose rafraichissant sur un jour de chaud en été.

La jaunce, le golf et le baseball sont populaires sports, aussi. En été nos pensées errent à quelque belle place au sud on peut-être au glace nord.

LE DÉSOBÉISSANT GARÇON

Helen Stevens, '29

Il y avait une fois un petit garcon s'appelle Jean, qui demeure avec sa mère près d'un grand étang au bord de la forêt.

En hiver il y avait toujours de bon patinage et beaucoup de gens est venu à patiner.

Un jour Jean dit à sa mère qu'il allait au étang, sa mère dit qu'il ne pourra pas aller parce qu'il n'y avait qu'un peu de gens et la glace avait mince, mais Jean pense qu'il s'en garde bien et il va au étang.

Il joue sur la glace pour presqu'une heure quand il vient à un trou. Il pense qu'il en découvra la profondeur. il prend un bâton et il se couche sur la glace mais il se penche plus loin et tombe dans le trou.

Sa mère le perd et elle va au étang le chercher. Elle vient au étang jusqu'il tombe dans le trou. Elle le sauve et elle le prend à la maison. Jean n'ira jamais au étang encore excepte que sa mère dira; Oui.

UNE HISTOIRE D'UN MAUVAIS GARÇON

Olga Bongarzone, '29

Robert est un petit garçon. Il est toujours dans trouble. Il est un garçon de neuf ans.

Un jour, il est sorti de la maison. Au dîner sa mère l'attendu, mais il n'est pas retourné. Sa mère se fait furieuse. Avant qu'il est sorti de la maison, il a demande de l'argent, mais sa mère lui a dit, "Vous êtes trop jeune avoir de l'argent."

A ce moment, Louise est venue dans la salle. "Où est Robert?" elle demanda.

"Je ne sais pas," dit là mere. "Il est sorti de la maison d'une bonne heure ce matin et il n'est pas retourné encore. Allons-le chercher. Il est si petit et il ne sait pas les routes. Peut-être il est perdu dans les bois." Tous les deux cherchent tout l'après-midi, mais elles ne le trouvèrent pas.

"Allons aux bois," dit Louise. Elles sont allées aux bois. Louise a entendu une petite voix. La voix semble celle-ci de son frère.

Elle commença de courir. La mère commença de courir aussi. Elles sont arrivées à la place où la voix est venue. Elle était celle-ci de Robert.

"Robert," dit la mère, "Pourquoi êtes-vous sorti de la maison sans permission?"

"Ce matin, je vous demandais de l'argent, et vous ne me le donneriez pas. J'étais très furieux et je vous ai deserté."

"Si vous le ferez encore, je vous enverrai au lit sans votre souper," répondra la mère.

Un proverbe: "Obéissez toujours vos parents."

LE VERRE BAL

Phyllis Hyland, '29

Pierre, un petit garçon à l'âge dè dix ans, demeurait avec sa mère dans une petite maison blanche dans une petite ville française. Lorsque Pierre et sa mère soient très pauvres, ils étaient très, très heureux. Ils ont possedé un verre bal, qui était très joli et plus precieux. À present, le verre bal n'était pas precieux, parce qu'ils en pourraient découvrir le secret.

Un jour la mère de Pierre est allée au marché vendre des oeufs et du lait à la ville. Pierre ne pourrait pas aller avec sa mère. Il faut qu'il soit content et il reste à la maison. Il dit à sa mère qu'il sera un bon garçon.

Le jour semblait très long à Pierre. Pierre bientôt grandait fatigué de jouant dans la belle étoile, s'il décidait qu'il jouerait dans la maison pour un temps.

Finalement, Pierre a pensé une idée. Il regarderait le livre gros de fanille, qui était dans le salon. Il était sur une haute plandre. Comment il le pourrait gagner? Il faut qu'il monte une chaise. Son devoir finissait près que quand il entendait quelquechose tomber. Le verre bal se rompait! Comment il pourrait faire? Comment sa mère dirait? Le pauvre coeur de Pierre avait cassé. Pierre commençait pleurer.

La mère de Pierre est retournée de la ville. Elle est entrée dans la maison et quand elle était le salon. Où elle se trouverait sa Pierre pleurant fortement sur le plancher. Sa mère a compris le situation immédiatement. Il faut qu'elle embrasse Pierre maintenant.

"Mon petit garçon tu pleures. Je vous vais gronder. Quoi est le verre bal a la bonté l'amour de men petit garçon? Rien! Non, pas rien! Mais Pierre qu'est-ce que c'est ici? Helas! C'est le secret du verre bal! Uncertificate que j'ai trouvé dans le verre casse. Pierre, mon fils, nous sommes très, très riches maintenant!"

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL CALENDER — 1928

Harriet Pepper, '28

Jan. 10. The Economics Class, under the direction of Miss Elliott, made an all-day trip to the First National Warehouse at Somerville, Massachusetts.

Jan. 16. Articles on the subject of "Zoning" were submitted to the Scituate Chamber of Commerce where they were voted on by three judges. Three prizes were offered for the best article on the subject. The first prize, $10.00, was awarded to Sara Baker; the second prize, $5.00, to Ethyl Tierney, and the third prize, $3.00, to Priscilla Cole.

Jan. 27. The Uke Club, under the direction of Miss Jeanne Bradford, meets, as usual, on Friday, for practice.

Jan. 30. Phyllis Hyland was chosen cheer leader for the girls' and Gerald Delay for the boys' cheering squad.

Feb. 16. The Art Class, under the supervision of Mrs. Ward, completed redecorating the teachers' rest room.

Feb. 28. The Scituate Woman's Club entertained the members of the high school at the yearly "Educational Day" exercises. The pupils of the school presented a very interesting program. Refreshments were served by the members of the Woman's Club.

March 6. At the close of the basket ball season, the members of the teams who had played a total of three games received the letter "S". John Stewart, the only player remaining from the previous year's team, was selected as a player on the "All-Star South Shore League Team", also Dorothea Biasey was selected as one of the best girl basket ball players. The members of the teams presented Coach Riley with a sweater as a token of appreciation.

March 13. Miss Dudley, English teacher, Miss Harriet Pepper, and Miss Katherine Somers were present at a talk on books at the Scituate Woman's Club. Mrs. Maude Schrader was the speaker of the afternoon.

March 15-31. Miss Sarah Baker of the Senior Commercial Class worked for a short time at the office of Mr. Burton in North Scituate.

March 25. The pupils of the high school have formed a tennis club. Gertrude Wherity was elected manager and Judith Partridge assistant manager of the girls' team. Samuel Tilden was elected manager and Gerald Delay assistant manager of the boys' team.

March 28. Margaret Short, Gerald Delay, Barbara Coleman, Ruth Damon, Nellie Mitchell, Ernest Dillon, Audrey Bartington and the faculty advisor, Miss Dudley from the Editorial Board of the CHIMES attended the meeting of the Southeastern League of School Publications which was held at the Bridgewater High School.

March 29. The yearly play of the Senior Class made a big hit. The title of the play was "Take My Advice" by Eugene Hafer. The cast of characters was as follows: Jud Fenton, town philosopher, Charles Mitchell; Jimmy Sampson, Bickley's right-hand man, John Young; Robert Mannion, editor of the "Eureka News", Stafford Short; Mrs. Nelson-Dodd, general uplifter of the town, Katherine Somers; Peggy Acton, a new arrival in Eureka, Velma Damon; John Wargrim, owner of the town, Igenio Bongarzone; Virgy Mannion, Bob's sister and assistant, Dorothy Wilder; and Marcia Wargrim, Wargrim's daughter, Priscilla Cole.

Special numbers were given by James Harris and Lester Smith, saxophone duet, French horn solo by Frank Cole, and a cornet solo by Harriet Pepper. Music was furnished by the Scituate High School Orchestra.

April 14. Fifteen girls of the Ukelele Girls' Club, representing ten nations and dressed in national costumes, gave a group of folk songs accompanied at the piano by Miss Jeanne Bradford. The introduction was read by Velma Damon.

April 25. An Arbor Day program was given by the Senior Class. Essays were read by Caroline Poland, Phyllis Hyland, and Harriet Pepper. Jane Prouty played a violin solo. At the close of the indoor exercises, the pupils adjourned to the grounds in the rear of the school building where the Seniors planted a Norway maple tree. Miss Katherine Somers spoke about the importance of the preservation of trees.

May 3. The Seniors held a class meeting and chose the following to speak at the Graduation exercises: Katherine Somers, Sara Baker, Gretchen Schuyler, and John Young.

May 5. The annual County Contest at Brockton was a great success for the members of the Scituate High School. The pupils representing the school were Priscilla Cole, Florence Fitts, Velma Damon, Sara Baker, Margaret Short, Audrey Bartington, and Virginia Russell. The efforts of these pupils won for the school eight cups and eight ribbons.

May 8. Miss Coppock of the Royal Typewriter Company gave the Senior Commercial Class an employment test.

May 9. Miss Anstiss of the Remington Typewriter Company gave the Seniors an employment test.

May 11. Miss Glasier of the Underwood Typewriter Company gave the Seniors an employment test.

May 16. The Minstrel Show given by the Glee Clubs was a great success. Many of the students sang solos. Each class of the school was represented by a boys' and girls' quartette. A play "The Coontown Millionaire" was also a big feature.

May 26. The State Contest in shorthand and typewriting was held at Boston University. Those representing Scituate were: Priscilla Cole and Sara Baker from the second-year group, Virginia Russell, Audrey Bartington, and Margaret Short from the first-year group.

May 28. Harriet Pepper left school to take a position at the Sunlight Hospital as secretary to Miss Kent.

June 15. The school year consists of a total of 180 days. This year on account of the exceptionally good weather the schools were able to close much earlier than formerly. The total number of days this year was 182.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Katherine Somers, '28

The Alumni Department is that section of our school paper which is devoted especially to the graduates. We like to keep in touch with the graduates because they are the product of the High School. They are the examples which the present students of the High School follow.

One of the best and most used ways of keeping in touch with the graduates is by letter writing. We feel that a letter from someone who has graduated from here adds a great deal to our paper.

The letters seem a sort of interview with the person, and the news which they contain is of great interest to all.

Often times the alumni editor is unable to secure the addresses of graduates in order to request letters; for this reason we urge the graduates to keep in touch with their Alma Mater and send us all possible news of themselves and their classmates.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

Barbara Coleman, '29
Nellie Mitchell, '29

The Climber, West Bridgewater, Mass.—Why not increase your editorial column? Your literary department is very good.

The Quill, Kingston, Mass.—A very good paper. It shows hard work. Keep it up!

The Pilgrim, Plymouth, Mass.—A very clever exchange department. Your paper shows school interest. We are glad to see a Spanish Department.

The Menotomy Beacon, Arlington, Mass.—We like your cover design very much. Your poetry column is very interesting.

The Eastoner, North Easton, Mass.—A very fine magazine. All your departments show good work. We like your pictures very much.

The Semaphore, Stoughton, Mass.—Your paper shows fine school interest. Your literary department is especially commendable.

The Western Star, Somerville, Mass.—Why not have an editorial column? Your literary department is very good, but where is your exchange department?

The Screech Owl, Maynard, Mass.—An extremely good paper. All your departments are well written.

The Parrot, Rockland, Mass.—A nice spicy newspaper. Why not introduce a few cartoons?

The Partridge, Duxbury, Mass.—Why not put all your poetry in a poet's corner? Your cuts are very clever.

The Hilltop, Warren, Mass.—Your business managers are on the job, judging by the amount of advertising in your magazine. You brighten your paper by the many pictures.

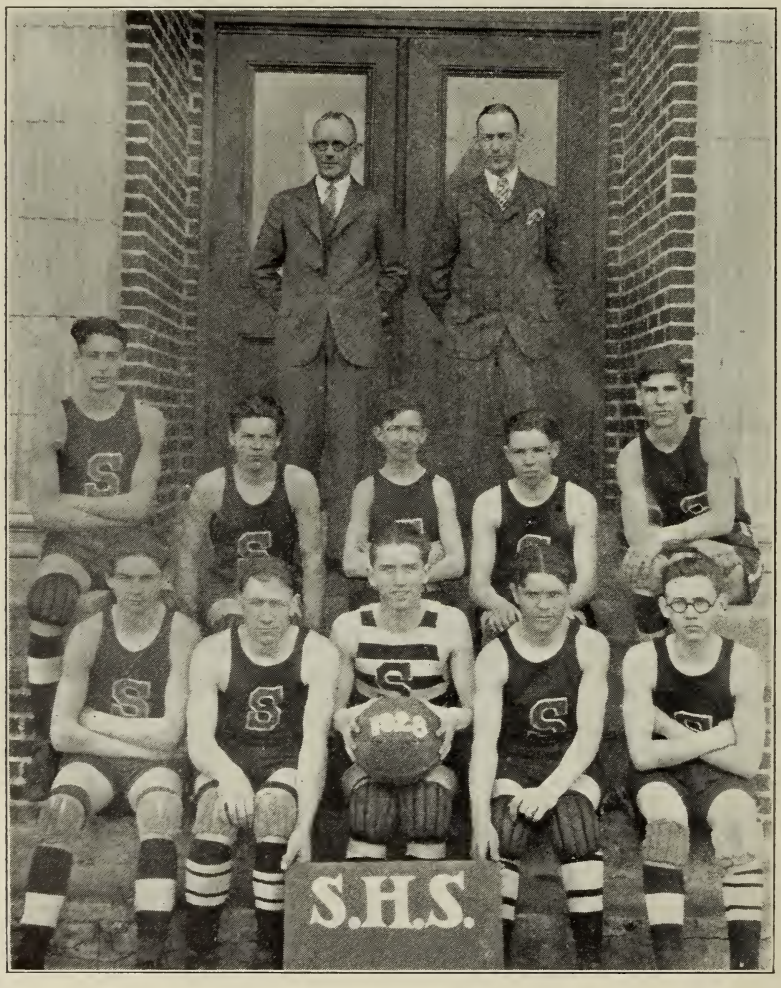
The Radiator, Somerville, Mass.—We thought the story "Adonis Jones", which you printed some time ago, was great. Why don't you increase your editorial column?

The Tattle Tale, Wareham, Mass.—The cuts at the tops of your class news columns are rather clever.

The Hanoverian, Hanover, Mass.—You have a most creditable literary department.

The Stevens Broadcast, Maine.—Your newspaper is one of the best we have received through the exchange. The headlines and cartoons are especially good.

The Stampede, Dallas, Texas.—We were very much pleased to receive a school magazine — (and such an excellent one, too) — from so far away a place as Texas. Both literary and exchange departments were especially noteworthy, and the jokes speak (or laugh) for themselves.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAMS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Ernest Dillon

The boys' basket ball team had a fairly successful year. The team started with only one veteran of last year's team available for the season.

The squad consisted of I. Bongarzone, A. Chase, P. Chase, J. O'Connor, L. Rice, J. Stewart, S. Short, G. Lowell, V. Stenbeck and J. Young.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Hanover, 56 ..... Scituate, 5
Marshfield, 32 ..... Scituate, 6
Scituate, 20 ..... Pembroke, 8
Hanover, 35 ..... Scituate, 5
Scituate, 15 ..... Norwell, 7
Duxbury, 30 ..... Scituate, 10
Duxbury, 25 ..... Scituate, 11
Scituate, 32 ..... Pembroke, 9
Norwell, 31 ..... Scituate, 9
Scituate, 18 ..... Marshfield, 17

The league standing for the season of 1928 was as follows:

Team	W.	L.	Per.
Hanover	10	0	1.000
Duxbury	8	2	.800
Norwell	6	4	.600
Scituate	4	6	.400
Marshfield	2	8	.200
Pembroke	0	10	.000

Soon after the basket ball season was over, baseball was started; and after a few practices the following squad was picked: A. Chase, P. Chase, I. Bongarzone, S. Short, V. Stenbeck, L. Rice, J. Stewart, F. Murphy, J. O'Connor, E. Nichols, L. Smith, and F. Gosewisch.

The schedule of games for the season is as below:

April 27—Pembroke at Scituate
May 1—Scituate at Hanover

May 2—Marshfield at Scituate
May 4—Scituate at Duxbury
May 8—Scituate at Pembroke
May 9—Duxbury at Scituate
May 11—Scituate at Cohasset
May 15—Kingston at Scituate
May 18—Scituate at Norwell
May 22—Scituate at Kingston
May 29—Hanover at Scituate
June 1—Norwell at Scituate
June 5—Cohasset at Scituate

The boys started the baseball season right by defeating Pembroke at Scituate 26-8. The batteries for Scituate were Stenbeck, Rice and Bongarzone; for Pembroke, Pickells, Everson, and Sheffield.

Score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R.
Scituate	1	2	7	1	2	6	7	26
Pembroke	1	0	0	2	0	2	3	8

Line-up for Scituate:

Stenbeck, Rice, p
Bongarzone, c
P. Chase, 1b
S. Short, 2b
Murphy, 3b
O'Connor, Gosewich, ss
Nichols, Smith, rf
A. Chase, cf
Stewart, lf

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL

Gretchen Schuyler, '28

This year's basket ball season was more successful than some of the scores seem to indicate. Three of the games were lost by one basket. The last game with Duxbury ended in a 24-24 tie. During the season the team won four games, lost five, and tied one. Two other games were played with Abington High School, which is not in the league. Both of these games were lost. Although this record doesn't seem a great accomplishment, it is an improvement on last season's games.

With Mr. Riley, coach; Gertrude Wherity, manager; and Gretchen Schuyler, captain, the squad worked hard and well in practice and games. The squad was made up of V. Ainslee, D. Biasey, D. Burbank, P. Cole. F. Fitts, E. Gosewish, A. Healy, P. Hyland, J. Prouty, G. Schuyler, and J. Welch.

Dorothea Biasey was picked for the All-League team, which is an honor both to "Dot" and the school.

The following games were played:

Jan. 6—Hanover, 15	Scituate, 13
Jan. 13—Marshfield, 21	Scituate, 17
Jan. 20—Pembroke, 14	Scituate, 42
Jan. 27—Hanover, 6	Scituate, 27
Feb. 7—Norwell, 39	Scituate, 20
Feb. 9—Duxbury, 23	Scituate, 4
Feb. 16—Abington, 29	Scituate, 27
Feb. 17—Duxbury, 24	Scituate, 24
Feb. 28—Pembroke, 9	Scituate, 32
Mar. 6—Norwell, 15	Scituate, 22
Mar. 13—Marshfield, 21	Scituate, 6

BASEBALL

Only a few girls reported for practice this spring under the direction of Coach "Bob" Riley. The team is fast getting into shape even though the rainy weather and the loss of several valuable players have hampered the squad.

The schedule, as far as it has been completed, is as follows:

April 30—Scituate at Hingham
May 3—Hingham at Scituate
May 16—Scituate at Cohasset
May 17—Bridgewater at Scituate
June 4—Cohasset at Scituate
June 7—Scituate at Bridgewater

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAMS

JOKES

Rice—"Coach, I can't get my locker shut."
Coach Riley—"Take your shoes out."

* * *

S. Short—"You're a poet and don't know it; your feet show it; they're Longfellows."
C. Mitchell—"Say, you're getting Whittier and Whittier."

* * *

Dillon—"Know anything about Shakespeare's works?"
Delay—"What kind of a factory is it?"

* * *

Teacher—"Now, Jimmy, what happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"
Jimmy—"Somebody got the idea for vanishing cream."

* * *

P. Chase—"Can I borrow a cigarette?"
"Bung"—"Well you ought to be able to; you've had practice enough."

* * *

Student—"Did you really understand the scientific lecture you heard last night?"
Another Bluff—"No, but that didn't matter; I had a free ticket."

* * *

L. Smith—"Do you know Shakespeare well?"
S. Turner—"G'wan, you can't kid me; Shakespeare is dead."

* * *

Sam Tilden—"You have ten potatoes and have to divide them between three persons. What do you do?"
Joe Healy—"Mash them."

* * *

Teacher—"Tommy, what is one-half of one- tenth?"
Tommy—"I don't know but it can't be very much."

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"Even manufacturers who know something about advertising have to gasp a little when they read little news bits that crop up now and then. A few days ago it was the announcement by a company making electric refrigerators that a factory a mile long was to be built at once. Advertising had made it possible. Yesterday the story was about a ginger ale company in Canada. It sold 1,690,050 bottles in 1922. In the following year it began to advertise extensively. Last year's sales amounted to 51,783,300 bottles. Not the least astounding thing about advertising is the wonder that it excites even in those familiar with what it can do." — Boston Post, July 2.

The above examples emphasize the fact that

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